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and in consequence, the trees, on being planted, require to be gradually inured to the open air. This moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders this application of it more facile, and the discovery more important.

Advantage of the use of Cock's-foot grass.

At the annual sheep-sheering at Holkham, in Norfolk, J. W. Coke, esq. M. P. recommended, as deserving particular attention, the cultivation of Cock's-foot grass, and a little Dutch clover with it. It had maintained in capital condition, ever since the turnips were consumed, seven sheep per acre, and would have carried more. The cock's-foot grass Mr. Coke most highly recommended as far preferable to rye-grass, which was a much more exhausting crop, would not carry so much stalk, and consequently the more manure being thus put on the land, the corn crop was greater.

As a proof its strong vegetative power, a plant of cock's-foot, constantly cut down close for twenty-two days, grew every twenty-four-hours one inch in height, and shooting most luxuriant branches, afforded more abundant food than rye-grass. Mr. Coke recommends of the cock's-foot for seed, two bushels an acre, and eight pounds of Dutch clover.

Observations. Many other grasses would probably be found beneficial to farmers, as well as the above; among which we take this opportunity to recommend to their notice the sweet-leaved astragalus (*astragalus glycyphyllos*). We understand Mr. Arthur Young, of England, has a very high opinion of it; and a gentleman of considerable botanical knowledge, a friend of the writer's, has mentioned it to him, as possessing properties for the food of cattle, which set it far above most grasses in use.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

LINEN NECESSARY FOR "THE RESURRECTION."

IN one of the parishes of Dublin, the clerk having officiated many years, considered himself fairly entitled to be regulator of the ceremonies of the parish church at least; and if he was not a second P. P. was not far from it. Among the several curates, who had successively been initiated during the clerk's residence, a worthy young clergyman from the country, a friend of the writers, was one; shortly after he had engaged in that sacred function, a poor man died, at whose burial, of course, neither scarf nor hat-band were given, as is customary there at the funerals of those whose friends can afford it. The worthy curate was going on with the funeral service, over the body of the poor man, in the same way as he had been accustomed in the country, never suspecting that in that awful ceremony any refinements could have taken place. What then was his surprize, on coming to the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," to be

suddenly accosted by the clerk, in a loud whisper, with stop, sir! stop! *we never give "the resurrection and the life," in our parish, when there is no linen.*

ERRONEOUS MEDICAL PRACTICE.

In 1711, Joseph I. the emperor of Germany, an amiable prince, in the thirty-second year of his age, fell a victim to the ignorance of his physicians, who, while he was ill of the small-pox, swathed him in twenty yards of English scarlet broad cloth, when the disorder was at the height.

JUST APPRECIATION OF BIRTH-DAY ODES.

This same prince disliked flattery, and suppressed the accustomed compliments in such productions, "L come, said he, not to listen to praises, but to hear music."

ENGLISH BULL.

A woman having received some ill usage from her landlady, in the vicinity of Clerkenwell, London, had her summoned before the justices at the sessions held there. The injured woman proved to be a sailor's widow, and there was

no other circumstance particular in the affair, it being one of those numerous petty quarrels, which the ill temper and litigiousness of the lower orders in London, so often bring before the inferior courts.

A barrister was, however retained by the sailor's relict, who laid hold of her connection with the sea service to expatiate on our victorious navies, and glorious naval heroes, concluding his eloquent harangue, with observing, that while our brave seamen were fighting our battles, and so valiantly defending us at sea, the least we could do in return, was to protect from ill usage, their *widows* on shore.

TRUE NO MEANING PUZZLES MORE THAN
SENSE.

Sir George Saville made the following lines extempore, at the request of Mrs. Burke, as absolute nonsense. C. J. Fox, after long puzzling himself with them, maintained that they had a meaning but he could not find it out.

"I grant, indeed, says learn'd De Grey,
That he who can, may also may;
But he who can, both may and can,
Is surely more than mortal man;
For can may, may, but may can never
can."

FRENCH LITERATURE DEFEATED BY
IRISH GENIUS.

Communicated by a Gentleman at Maynooth.

In the 15th century, when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed throughout Europe, the sciences were taught by the most distinguished men of the age, in the University of Paris. Doctor B. professor of Theology, was at that time much esteemed for his sound erudition, and accurate knowledge of the holy Scriptures. His agreeable and pleasing manners, procured him the friendship of a numerous and respectable acquaintance. Fond of improvement, and anxious to know the customs of other nations, he formed a strong resolution of travelling. He obtained a special grant from his sovereign, which specified that every college in the French empire, incapable of answering his objections, should forfeit a sum of money, adequate to convey him to the nearest seminary. Thus fortified, our hero bids a long farewell to his dreary monastic mansion, and proceeds on his journey with the greatest alacrity. This ornament of

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literature, was successful in every part of the French empire. His patent, or grant, was confirmed by the consent of all the European princes. It is necessary to remark, that it was very difficult to foil this hero's arguments. He disputed in mystic theology, *that is*, by signs. By this time his fame had diffused itself through Europe. He visited England, in order to crown his victory with all the honours of a triumph. But he was not endowed with prophetic intelligence, because in this country, he dashed against a rock, which retarded his further progress. The king of England received him with the greatest marks of respect and attended him in person to Oxford university. His arrival being proclaimed in the university, confusion and terror affected its doctors very sensibly. These systematical disputants were obliged to send for a baker, who lived in the town, and who had been a very arch fellow. The baker found no reluctance in coming forward against this formidable antagonist. He attended the examination hall, ornamented with all the insignia of a young student. After a delay of a few minutes, the boasted genius entered the hall, assuming the consequence of a demi-god. The poor baker beheld him with an eye of pity, and received him with the courtesy of a genuine Irishman. This baker was born in Maghera Saul (county Down.) During the contest no person was permitted to remain. The dispute continued during the course of an hour, when the *pantomime* professor retired, and gave a full explication of his thesis. He granted his defeat, and the superior abilities of his competitor. The question in dispute he explained to the following effect. In the first place, said this learned *naiire*, I began to eat an apple, to inform my antagonist that by eating the prohibited fruit, Adam and Eve had forfeited their original innocence, in consequence of which, we their posterity, were conceived and born children of wrath. He immediately conceiving what I wished to communicate, took bread and began to eat, in order to instruct me that Christ assumed human nature, and instituted the sacrament of the Eucharist (of bread) which was the bread of life. I then

P P

erected one of my fingers, to show him, that there existed only one God. He erected two fingers, to prove that there were two natures in God, viz. the divine and human nature. I afterwards erected three fingers to inform him, that there were three persons in God. He judiciously contracted his fingers in a close union, to show that these three persons were all united in the same God-head, and also that they were equal in all things.

After this exposition of the French hero, it was thought prudent to have the bakers opinion on this important question. He declared, *by his soul*, that he never was so angry in his life, as to see the *little fop* strutting about with so many *corcomical* airs. When I perceived the *little fellow* commence to eat his apple, to show the nice delicacies the inhabitants of France enjoyed, I began to eat a piece of good

bread, to *let him know*, that we lived on the *substantial* produce of the wheat. You must observe, gentlemen, that at present, I am deprived of the sight of my left eye. This *corcomb* wishing to insult me, held up one of his fingers to tell me that I was a *blinkard*; I held up two of mine, to inform him, that I was born with two eyes, like the rest of mankind. He unwilling to desist from his sport, held up three fingers, to show that my one eye and his two made only three; I closed my fist to inform him, *that if he did not take to his scrapers* as soon as possible, I should give him *a damned good dressing*.

This explanation of the baker excited a great deal of laughter, and the crest-fallen hero returned to his native country, verifying the title of my Anecdote; *French literature defeated by Irish genius*. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE DEVIL AND THE CRITICAL REVIEWER.
A TALE.

THE Devil and a Critic met
All on a stormy day,
And soon to Mawman's* shop they came,
For they had much to say.
Mister Mawman, gay and sprightly,
Welcomed in each well-known guest;
Handed each a chair politely,
Bowed, and kind regards express'd.
Said the Critic then, "Friend Cloven-foot,
Great patron of the nation,
'Tis time for all my service past,
To yield due compensation:
Each day, for years I've laboured hard,
Full nineteen hours and more, sir,
I rail at all, priest, statesman, bard,
'Till every limb is sore, sir:
My brain is now a bankrupt turned,
Or else has changed to lead, sir,
I'm shunned and hated, kicked and spurn'd,
And not a morsel of bread, sir!
You know full well, in the service of hell,
I work with zeal most fervent,
And in all this proud metropolis
I'm your most faithful servant."

* The learned and ingenious publisher of the Critical Review.

"Aye, aye," quoth Nick, "You've done
your part,
Since you comment'd the trade, sir,
Drive dark despondence from your heart,
And you shall be repaid, sir:
Now to my counsels sage and wise,
I pray you lend attention;
To profit by the critic art,
There's nothing like invention:
It crowns the coward's head with bays,
And saves the wretch from danger;
The upstart equals to my lord,
And knights the gentle stranger†:
See C——ke and Y——ke, a pretty pair,
The nation's great example!
Such profits from commissions share,
They roll in riches ample:
Invention gives a flow of words,
In place of argumentation;
It is the statesman's faithful friend,
By which he robs the nation:
It softens woman's tender heart,
It imps the poet's pinion:
All hail, Invention! glorious art,
Best friend of my dominion."
"Ah! well you know," the Critic cries,
"I can invent most rarely,
And no one e'er accused me yet
Of criticizing fairly:

† Does the infernal king allude to the Stranger in Ireland?